

Books and Authors

LITERARY CRITICISM AND BOOK NEWS

Plays for the Study and Plays for the Stage—The Public Services of Andrew Haswell Green—Other Book Reviews.

PRINTED PLAYS.

THE FUGITIVE. A Play in Four Acts. By John Galsworthy. 12mo. pp. 85. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LABYRINTH. A Play in Five Acts. By Paul Hervieu. Authorized translation by Barrett H. Clark and Lander McLintock. 12mo. pp. 172. B. W. Huebsch.

THE MODERN DRAMA SERIES. Edited by Edwin Björkman. 12mo. vols. 1-3. Mitchell Kennerley.

While he was in London last summer Mr. Charles Frohman made a striking observation. "The European dramatists," he said, "are writing plays that read better than they act; the Americans are producing work that acts far better than it reads." The observation is true from the American point of view. Our theatre-goers demand action, not discussion. European audiences, on the other hand, are easily interested in static plays, provided they pose an interesting problem, and discuss it well. They even do not insist upon a solution, content to carry the unsolved problem away with them from the theatre for further cogitation.

Abroad and at home the contemporary drama is preoccupied with much the same problems of life, collective and individual. "Big business," labor, the changing position of woman, marriage as it concerns both the individual and society—these are the topics that are discussed again and again in the current drama, whether it be of native or foreign origin. All these plays reflect with striking unanimity the strength of the main currents of thought and purpose of contemporary life the world over.

In "The Fugitive," which was produced in London earlier in the season with but indifferent success, Mr. Galsworthy deals with the problem, also propounded by Brieux in "La Femme Seule," of woman's economic independence, her opportunity and preparation for self-support outside the refuge of marriage. The fugitive has not been trained to earn her own bread; therefore, when she leaves the conjugal roof that shelters her because it has become a place of emotional torture, she goes under, "too fine and not fine enough." Pinero already dealt with this situation in "Iris," but his heroine, "not fine enough," lived to become the Second Mrs. Tanqueray. The fugitive, "too fine," prefers death. The comparison with Pinero's great drama is unavoidable, not only on account of the similarity of subject, but also because "The Fugitive" is an admirable piece of dramatic writing. The undeviating exposition of the situation in the first act is certainly the best thing Mr. Galsworthy has yet done in the dramatic field.

The weakness of Hervieu's "The Labyrinth," as of so many French plays, is that it requires the spectator—and the reader—to accept a situation so exceptional as to weaken the argument. Divorce brings with it many perplexities; it leads to many labyrinths, but the one in which M. Hervieu entangles his heroine and her first and second husbands is too arbitrarily constructed to make a potent appeal to American common sense. The play is dramatic, but it is not convincing.

Thanks are due to Mr. Kennerley and Mr. Björkman for the "Modern Drama Series," which promises to become, which in a measure already is, a boon to students of the contemporary drama, its development and progress. The series is planned on a vast scale, with full knowledge of its wide field; it begins with the transition from the old—the "well-made play"—to the new, under the influence of Ibsen; and it will serve to make available to American students of the drama that mass of meritorious foreign plays which, treating with local modifications, of the same conditions and problems as our own, are not likely ever to be seen on our stage.

Henri Becque marked in France the transition from the old to the new in the theatre. His importance, what interest he has for us, is already chiefly historical. The volume devoted to his work in this "Modern Drama Series" contains his best two plays, "The Vultures" and "The Woman of Paris," and, in his lighter vein, a one-act comedy, "The Merry-Go-Round," which is in reality somewhat broad farce. The

first of these three deals in grim modern fashion with the plucking of a widow and her children by her dead husband's partner and a rascally lawyer, with minor birds of prey hovering around, ready to dash in. "La Parisienne" has become famous for the cynical truth of its opening scene, but the criticism, made at the time of the play's first performance, still holds good, that its title is too sweeping, and therefore a libel on the Parisian woman—a libel made familiar by much repetition.

Giuseppe Giacosa had long been the most popular of Italy's dramatists when he died, in 1906. A skilful constructor of plots, a master of dialogue, a close student of the life of his people in the average, he long had the weakness of dodging the final issue for the sake of the happy ending. It undoubtedly added greatly to his popularity. But in his last three plays—"The Stronger," "Like Falling Leaves" and "Sacred Ground"—he boldly faced the uncompromising denouement. The first of these three dramas resembles in its main idea "Business Is Business." In "Like Falling Leaves" Giacosa traces to the end the moral integration of a family fallen from great riches to poverty through the sterling honesty of its head. "Sacred Ground" is a curious and dignified treatment of the triangle, in which the wife has remained true to her husband, though loving the other man, who, in despair, kills himself. It is after the tragedy that the husband's jealousy of his wife's secret affection, as distinct from her conduct, brings about the catastrophe.

Of Hjalmar Bergström's "Karen Borneman" and "Lynggaard & Co." it will suffice to say that they deserve a place in this series and the attention of students of contemporary drama. This Danish playwright stands in the front rank in his own country and on the Continent; he has won his place there by notable work. After the manner of the Continental dramatists, he does not shy at long speeches, but he packs them with thought and occasionally with acrid humor. Of these two plays the first deals with Scandinavian frankness with woman's right "to live her own life"; in the second he treats of capital and labor, and in both with the lack of understanding between the new generation and the old. He offers no solutions; he states and illustrates individual cases, but lays down the problems they illustrate where he took them up. The translations of all these plays are good and the introductions truly serviceable.

The American playwrights thus far admitted to this "Modern Drama Series" labor under the serious handicap of being mostly beginners forced to court direct comparison with acknowledged foreign masters of their trade. Curiously enough, two of them have chosen to deal with the Mephisto theme. George Bronson Howard has turned the subject into a readable farce in "The Red Light of Mars"; Arthur Davidson Picke gives us a rather abstruse "Mr. Faustus" in blank verse. It will never see the footlights. Mephisto advocates Nirvana; Mr. Faustus seeks to realize the superman.

A GOOD CITIZEN

A Tribute to the Memory of a Great New Yorker.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ANDREW HASWELL GREEN. By John Ford. Illustrated. 8vo. pp. x, 222. Doubleday, Page & Co.

It is well to be reminded, in these days of somewhat self-conscious reform and "uplift," that there were brave men before Agamemnon. Educational efficiency, municipal economy, tax equalization and reform, city planning, and extension of facilities for recreation, are among the foremost topics of to-day. But here was a man of genius devoting an active life to the practical working out of such projects more than half a century ago, and achieving results which seem colossal, even when compared with the undertakings of the vastly greater city of our day.

The active career of Andrew H. Green is naturally divided into three parts. At first, following a boyhood and youth marked with intense interest in religion, education and politics, he became president of the New York Board of Education, made himself an authority on tax equalization, and then laid all else aside to give himself to the task of creating Central Park and of planning the adjacent parts of the city. In this it is interesting to recall that he advocated a greater width of streets, and earnestly protested against permitting the encroachment of stoops and porches upon the sidewalks of Fifth avenue. Had his counsel then been followed, there would have been no need of Mr. McAneny's strenuous work for the removal of such obstructions. It was while he was thus engaged that Mr. Green conceived and promulgated the idea of uniting New York, Brooklyn and other communities into a single municipality; and although the fulfillment of that vision was postponed for many years, it came at last, under his personal direction, and it belongs to this first-mentioned phase of his activities.

From his park work he was called to his second great labor, the rescue and rehabilitation of the city finances from

the sordid spoliation of the Tweed ring. He saved the city from insolvency, at one time meeting its public obligations through the pledged credit of himself and his friends; he carried it easily through the dark panic year of 1873; and although savagely abused by a part of the press, and made the object of attempts at murder, he succeeded in his endeavors and marked a salutary and saving turning point in New York City government.

The third part of his life work was the most extensive and varied of all, and because of its lofty and altruistic ideals may fittingly be accounted the most important. This was his active leadership in a multitude of enterprises calculated to minister to those higher interests of humanity which "practical" men too often neglect. Among these, not all of them, were the Niagara Falls reservation, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, the Zoological Society, the New York Public Library,

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HUNTING WITH A CAMERA

A Nature Student's Trophies in Word and Picture.

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU. An Intimate Account of the Life of the Reindeer of North America. By A. A. Radcliffe Dugmore. P. R. C. S. F. R. P. S. Illustrated with paintings, drawings and photographs from life by the author. Large 8vo. pp. viii, 191. The J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. Dugmore, the author and illustrator of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," "Wild Life and the Camera" and other books dealing with the wilderness and the sport of hunting with a camera, needs no introduction to the large numbers (to which he himself has added through his books) of nature lovers who prefer observation to destruction, preservation to extermination. Not that he disapproves of shooting altogether, which would be unreasonable, but he preaches moderation in the collecting of trophies.

This time it is about one of the comparatively little known species of American big game that he tells us in a large tome whose contents are the result of nine years' stalking and study. The hunter sees the caribou at only one season of the year, and that the one at which the animal is decidedly not at its best. In these pages we are taken through the year almost from day to day, much that has hitherto been unknown is put down, and some of this left for investigation—the curious custom of the stags, for instance, of exchanging herds in the mating season. Repeatedly Mr. Dugmore has witnessed this curious behavior. Two stags, at the head of their herds, would meet, but, instead of fighting, each would desert its own deer and take possession of the other's.

How to explain this it does not know. It was all so deliberate, and done in such a matter-of-fact way, as though it were the ordinary course of procedure. Apparently all concerned were perfectly satisfied with the change, and yet it did not seem either right or in accordance with the general custom of animals.

Once more Mr. Dugmore communicates to his readers the delights of hunting with a camera, a sport that surpasses hunting with a gun in the demands it makes upon the hunter's ingenuity, persistence and patience, his woodcraft, study of air currents and sounds, his circumspection in approaching closely enough for the exposure and snapping of a plate. There is a chapter on shooting, and another on camping, and the large illustrations are not only beautiful, but of value alike to the naturalist and to the unlearned lover of wild life.

AN ISLAND OF DELIGHTS

Crete and What It Offers to the Tourist.

CAMPING IN CRETE. With Notes upon the Animal and Plant Life of the Island. By Aubyn Trevor-Battye. With 23 plates and a map. 8vo. pp. xxi, 208. London: Witherby & Co.

Crete is a treasure-house to the archaeologist, a perpetual thorn in the flesh of the diplomatists of the great powers. It is most widely known as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck; but it was also the battlefield of Venetians and Turks through a romantic, blood-stained page of history ending with the siege of Candia. Since then its story has been, until quite recent years, one of persecution and rebellion. The Turk has withdrawn now; what Moslems remain on the island are Cretans, the descendants of converted Chris-

tians. Whether union with Greece will bring the blessings expected from it is a matter of much doubt to Mr. Trevor-Battye. "Taxes," he observes, "will

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CURRENT TALK OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Authorship of "Home"; An Inference—Lord Morley's New Book—Style and "Stylishness"—Christina Rossetti in Later Life.

The penetration of an author's shield of anonymity is an old and legitimate sport, never more so than when his publisher volunteers tantalizing clues to his identity, as has been done by the Century Company in the case of "Home."

This novel, so we have been told, is the work of a member of our diplomatic and consular service. The poet for the conclusion here drawn may be the wrong one after all. However, it has much in its favor. In the first place, what internal evidence the story itself furnishes points to the consular branch of the service. Now, the scene of "Home" is laid partly in Brazil, first at Pernambuco and afterward in the interior of the republic. It then shifts to Africa. Consultation of the consular lists in the files of the Tribune Almanac brings to light the fact that Mr. George Agnew Chamberlain was United States Consul at Pernambuco in 1906-07, and that in that year he was promoted to Lourenço Marques, in Portuguese East Africa, which post he still holds. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain was the Brazilian correspondent of The Associated Press in the early 90's, and its representative at the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro. The familiar transition from journalism to literature thus seems to be established, adding to the strength of this attempt to identify the author of "Home."

Macaulay Illustrated.

The first illustrated edition of Macaulay's "History of England" is announced by the Macmillan Company. It will be in six super royal octavo volumes and will be completed in 1915. There will be nine hundred illustrations, including forty-four plates in color, this pictorial accompaniment to the text being planned to reflect the life of the times in all its phases, after the manner of Green's "History of the English People."

About Cold Waves.

In his readable little volume on "Our Own Weather," published some time ago by Harper & Bros., Edwin C. Martin declares that cold waves average four a year, and that the Weather Bureau has "standardized" the cold wave, the standard varying according to time and place. Up north the fall of the temperature must be down to zero in midwinter to constitute a cold wave in the Weather Bureau's sense of the word. In Florida, on the other hand, a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit suffices. Mr. Martin, by the way, describes weather as "the business of the atmosphere," the result of its attempts to maintain a static condition.

Christina Rossetti.

Some interesting memories of this poet are given by Katherine Tynan Hinkson, in her "Twenty-five Years," the first volume of which has just been published. She has it on William Rossetti's authority that the last and dearest of Christina's love affairs was one with C. B. Cayley, who translated Petrarch and Homer. James Collinson, it is recalled, she refused because he was a Catholic, and Cayley because he was an Agnostic. She once told Mrs. Hinkson that she always picked up a piece

of printed paper when she found it, "lest it should bear the Holy Name and be trodden upon." Here is a more sympathetic picture of her than we are accustomed to get from her usual overwrought admirers.

I was somewhat taken back when she entered the room, wearing short, serviceable skirts of an iron-gray tweed and stout boots. Her dress did not at all go with her spiritual face and the heavily lidded, wide apart eyes which one only finds in a highly gifted woman. The heavy lids were less of a beauty than they had been when her brother delighted to paint them.

soon dispel that dream." And Turkey has bought a superdreadnought.

It is not as an historian or archaeologist or student of international politics that our author writes, however, but as a leisurely tourist who would have others share the delights of a garden spot in the Mediterranean that "is something like Sicily, but greener and full of waters—as beautiful as Corfu without that island's exotic note. Crete exercises a distinct fascination over all who stay there, and it is hard to say to what it is exactly due. It lies perhaps not only in the sheer beauty of the island and in the sense of its golden and mysterious past, but in something always about one that the word 'atmosphere' only half expresses, an influence that makes it seem in some sort an enchanted land."

This enchantment, remote, soothing, is reflected in Mr. Trevor-Battye's pages. He awakens the desire to follow in his footsteps, away from the beaten paths of travel. One must be

ready to lead a somewhat primitive existence while traversing Crete and sailing in its waters, but no positive hardships need be feared.

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MODERN ADVENTURE IN CURRENT FICTION

A Plenitude of Murders—Mr. Mason's Story of Crime and False Testimony—Mrs. Rinehart's New Tale—Old Wine in a New Bottle.

JUSTICE AND THE LAW.

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE. By A. E. W. Mason. 12mo. pp. 231. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Mason wins our approval for the great English barrister who, in a murder trial, defeats the law and causes justice to triumph by committing perjury. It is a curious case, and a romantic and dramatic one, capably staged in a remote part of India, in uncanny circumstances. There is the villain, a rising British official, but a secret drunkard constantly in fear of assassination when in his cups because he has in his possession a portrait of a native Indian agitator that convicts him of being the associate of common criminals as well. The administrator ill-treats his wife, systematically and as secretly as he drinks to excess. The lawyer had loved her in the early days of his career, when marriage would have meant a check upon his vaulting ambitions. After eight years these three meet in a tent in the Indian jungle. The situation soon becomes clear to the visitor: the brutality of the husband, his hallucinations of dark, snake arms reaching forth in the darkness to take the telltale picture from him, if necessary at the cost of his life; above all, he witnesses the suffering of the wife. Here begins the real plot, which must not be divulged.

The story has a quality of its own. It is melodrama, but melodrama written by a man of high literary attainment. It is true fiction, because the reader is never allowed to have knowledge of what is coming in advance of its occurrence, which is a rule of dramatic construction. But it harks back to the stage again in the ease with which certain "properties" are introduced for future use, the barrister's collection of miniatures, for instance. He, by the way, is not the leading man, who does not enter the story until later. For the murder trial in India has a sequel in England, with new complications to keep the plot moving swiftly. And, last but not least, the heroine succeeds in winning and holding our sympathy. It is a capital story.

CRIME ON THE DEEP SEA.

THE AFTER HOUSE. A Story of Love, Mystery and a Private Yacht. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated by May Wilson Preston. 12mo. pp. 231. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

That good, old tag of the busy book reviewer, "one cannot lay the book down until the last page has been turned," applies literally to Mrs. Rinehart's new story. It is a model of ingenious, intricate plot construction, and yet it moves as smoothly and rapidly as the simplest of tales. The reader is constantly on the alert, complication is added to complication, the horror of this series of murders is not too much insisted upon, and the clues furnished are as deceptively convincing as they ought to be in a story of crime and its detection. To betray even a part of the plot would be to rob the prospective reader of as interesting an evening's diversion as can be found in the season's new books. Suffice it to say that a penniless young M. D., the ink on his diploma hardly dry, ships on board a schooner yacht partly as deckhand, partly as a sort of emergency-substitute-butler, but in reality, as he soon finds out, as a possible handy man in the strange state of affairs that exists among the owner, his wife and their guests in the cabin. The occasion for which the young medicus is held in reserve comes; he must needs take charge thereafter of a situation in which every member of that small company in the cabin and before the mast may be the triple murderer. The love interest, without which no story of this kind is complete nowadays, is it may be added, of more than the usually perfunctory quality.

THROUGH MANY FIRES.

WANDERFOOT. By Cynthia Stockley. 12mo. pp. 433. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With all its up-to-dateness—"Wanderfoot" is a newspaper woman who has reported the Jameson Raid trial in South Africa and a frontier rising in British India—this story is, at bottom, a revival of the old, old fiction of the noble, misguided heroine cruelly cast into outer darkness, who through many sorrows bravely and uncomplainingly borne wins back the love of the man who had heartlessly cast her off under the spell of an unworthy suspicion. In the good old-fashioned way the author piles up the agony on the devoted head of this long suffering woman before she sweeps the clouds away, and brings her to the happy ending. New York, the Isle of Jersey and a French village are the scenes in which the tale is laid. It furnishes good reading of its kind, though it is far from being as successful as its South African predecessors from the same pen, "Poppy" and "The Claw." The author has taxed her inventiveness too heavily; there is just a little too much of every ingredient that goes to the making of the plot, and common sense rebels a little. For throughout this story is fiction, not life.

WILD AND WOOLLY.

THE TRAIL TO YESTERDAY. By Charles Alden Seltzer. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 283. The Outing Publishing Company.

Readers who scorn the effete West of to-day may "hit the trail" leading backward to all the good old red blood kind of things in "The Trail to Yesterday." Nothing standard in fiction of this character has been left out. "Bad men," cowpunchers, the lie direct, gun play, murders galore, the Red Dog saloon, the sheriff's posse, the lost trail,

a rescue from quicksand, a wild storm at night, the heroine from the East, these are all here. Then, in addition, a number of melodramatic things of great stamina, not particularly lacking in character, have been thrown in, good measure. The destruction of valuable papers, a supposed father, who turns out to be a stepfather, a scheme to make an innocent man seem guilty, a forged signature, a scoundrel broken and a fine vengeance for an old crime, these, too, are here. Still further, we find "the two" cast away, as a desert island would here be inappropriate, in a "lone cabin." And this brings us to the heart of the story. Alkali Ike, we don't mean Alkali Ike, Dakota, would have shot the minister who turned up that night if Sheila had refused to marry him. Though he did not love Miss Langford, to whom he was a stranger, in the least. His was a mysterious, indomitable, embittered man, with a mocking drawl, whose motive for this curious deed cannot be understood until the end of the story.

HARPERS BOOKS

The Light of Western Stars

By Zane Grey

She didn't know she was married, and when she found out—well, the story is told in Zane Grey's new novel just published. She was a New York girl and things happen from the minute she gets off the train in the little cattle town just this side the turbulent Mexican border. "The Light of Western Stars" is not a rip-snorting border action by any means, but a man's size novel—a swinging tale of reality—every incident natural, and for that reason all the more exciting. It reveals a life you would like to live yourself.

The White Sapphire

By Lee Foster Hartman

Would you let a guest play detective in your own home? Read "The White Sapphire" and see what came of it. An absorbing mystery story along altogether unusual lines—with a real love story in it, too—and not a little fun, but no murder and bloodshed. There is a go about every phase of the tale and a charming girl at the very crux of the situation. A baffling, ingenious and altogether delightful story.

The Iron Trail

By Rex Beach

"In 'The Iron Trail' Rex Beach has hit the bull's-eye again. . . . We will be very much mistaken if this does not prove to be one of the most popular books that Rex Beach has ever written."—Philadelphia Inquirer. "The characters have a charm of individuality, the details of the plot have an unbacked strength, and there is such a quantity of rugged spontaneous humor and bulldog purpose that the book proves a healthy stimulant."—Chicago Continent. "A really stirring romance mixed with man's struggle with the winds, ice, freshets and gales of the frozen North is presented the reader of 'The Iron Trail,' the latest romance by Rex Beach, author of such other popular books as 'The Spoilers,' 'The Silver Horde,' etc."

A Changed Man

By Thomas Hardy

"De Maupassant, at his best, might have written as good a tale as 'A Changed Man,' but he never did."—New York Times. "In all these stories there is a uniformity of conception, and a clearness of conception which is difficult to discover in the pages of any other living author."—London Daily Graphic.

The House of Happiness

By Kate Langley Boshier

"It is full of brightness, good cheer and sympathy, and old-fashioned novel story is not absent from its pages. It ends, as all good novels ought to end, making you feel that all life is not a blunder."—N. Y. Watchman-Examiner. "She makes us love humanity better because she helps us to understand humanity a little better. What other recommendation is needed for 'The House of Happiness'?"—Lansing State Journal.

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"ALL-OUT-OF-PRINT-BOOKS" WRITE ME; can get you any book ever published on any subject. The most complete book finder extant. When in England send me your 300,000 rare books. RANKIN'S 12, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000.

IT HAPPENED IN EGYPT
BY C. N. AND A. W. WILLIAMSON



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The story of an American girl who sees Egypt thoroughly and of her exciting and romantic adventures in the course of it.

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